

PRETTY GIRL STABBED HIM

Carlotta Moncuso, When Discharged by Antin Takerek, Drove a Stiletto Six Times Into His Neck and Body.

MOB THERE TO HELP HER.

Her Brother and Sister, Also Armed with Stilettoes, Were Ready to Take a Hand in the Work—Carlotta Under Arrest

"Will he die? And must I die for it if he does?" wailed Carlotta Moncuso today. She is a pretty daughter of Italy as ever was seen. She is held to answer a charge of attempted murder for plunging a stiletto six times into Austin Packrack, foran of a button factory, where Carlotta, her sister, Italia, and her brother, Napoleano, were employed.

Only twenty years old and in the full flush of her Southern beauty, Carlotta Moncuso seemed out of place in the dingy prison of the Harlem Court. Her olive skin, with the rose tint of health lending its warm tint, her great dark eyes, luxuriant raven hair and the perfect oval contour of her face formed a striking picture.

Only three months ago her family came to America. They went to live at No. 303 First avenue. The parents took care of the home. Carlotta, her brother Napoleano, two years her senior, and Italia, a beauty of sixteen, found employment in the button factory at Nos. 220 and 222 East Ninety-fifth street.

The foreman was Antin Takerek, who lives at No. 179 First avenue.

Planned for Easter.

Moncuso had planned for an Easter celebration. Carlotta was to have had a new gown, a wrap and a hat. Their holiday was spoiled. Worse than that, unable to speak English, work would be difficult to get and hard times were ahead of them. They ran to the Italian quarter and loudly proclaimed their wrongs to their neighbors. Carlotta and Napoleano armed themselves with stilettoes. In the yard of the tenement Carlotta harangued her friends until two dozen of them—men and women—agreed to go with her to the factory and demand renegades.

Only the three discharged employees were admitted. Carlotta walked to the workroom and called Packrack into the hall. As he approached she sprang forward and, drawing her stiletto from her bosom, plunged it into his breast. He staggered back, and the steel descended again, just escaping his heart.

Held him as she stabbed.

The girl was like a fury. Her left hand was in the foreman's hair. Her right drove the steel home again and again; now in his throat, now in his shoulder. As he turned and staggered away from her she plunged the weapon between his shoulders.

Packrack fled screaming into the street, Napoleano following him with uplifted weapon. The unfortunate Greek ran right into the crowd of Italians on the sidewalk, and would have been carved to shreds had not Policemen Collins rushed up in response to his cries.

In the excitement Napoleano and Italia escaped, but the policeman grabbed Carlotta as she ran through the crowd with her dripping stiletto uplifted. Search for her sister and brother through the Italian quarter has so far been fruitless.

Packrack was hurried to the Presbyterian Hospital, where his wounds were dressed. He may live, but his chances are slight.

"I am sorry if I have to die for killing him," said Carlotta through an interpreter to-day, "but I am not sorry I stabbed him. He was always cross and swore at us. If he had only charged me it would have been different, but he threw us all out and we would have to starve. What a terrible Easter it has been. I was going to have a new dress and be happy, and now I am in jail. I am going to send for the priest. He will tell me what to do and may be I will feel sorry for Takerek and pray that he will not die."

Friedman and Hyman, proprietors of the Empire City Button Company, where the stiletto occurred, have engaged Benjamin F. Spellman to prosecute Takerek's assailants. They have also engaged private detectives to locate Carlotta's brother and sister.

HILLARY BELL'S FUNERAL.

Services in His Memory Held in Church of Heavenly Rest.

The funeral of Hillary Bell, late dramatic editor of the New York Press, took place to-day from the Church of the Heavenly Rest, Forty-fifth street and Fifth avenue. The burial service was read by the Rev. Dr. D. Parker Morgan, assisted by the Rev. John Williams.

Among those present were William Cullen Bryant, George H. McAdams, E. J. Tisdale, Charles M. Price, Henry F. Gilling, Charles M. Beattie, W. G. McLaughlin, Charles Frohman, Thomas and Annie Russell, Amos B. Brigham, Henry Miller, E. M. L. Ehlers, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge F. and A. M., and Franklyn Smith.

The pall bearers were David Belasco, Chester S. Lord, St. Clair McKelway, F. A. Burnham, E. Wardman, S. G. Bayne, J. E. K. Dyer, and Henry L. Elmslie. Interment will be in Kensico Cemetery.

Miss Bernstein's Reception.

Announcement is made of the social and reception of Miss Henrietta Bernstein to her many friends at her home, No. 261 East Broadway, April 19. Among the invited are Miss B. Nauder, Miss G. Brown, E. Penberg, Miss M. Pirch, Miss L. Felsberg, E. L. Newman, L. Schuch, Edward Fleischman and J. Rosenthal. Miss K. F. Schuch, of Harlem, will give a glass of wine. The dining room

CARLOTTA MONCUSO AND ANTON TAKEREK, WHOM SHE STABBED.



RODE A BLOCK ON CAR FENDER

Young Woman, Crossing Sixth Avenue, Was Struck by Trolley and Got Ride for Which She Didn't Have to Pay.

It is given to few persons to be struck by a trolley car going at full speed and be taken from the fender uninjured after having been carried a block. Yet this is what happened to Miss Anna Height, twenty-two years old, of No. 101 Clinton street, two years ago.

Miss Height's guiding star must be a fortunate one, because at the corner where she was hit more than twenty persons have been killed or injured within the last few years.

Miss Height was crossing Sixth avenue at Thirty-sixth street, known as "Dead Man's Crossing." She stepped from behind a south-bound car and directly in front of a north-bound car. The trolley was a few yards away, and when Miss Height saw her peril she became paralyzed with fright. The next instant the car had struck her. She uttered a scream which brought passengers to the front platform and arrested the attention of persons for a block away.

Car Had Gone a Block.

The scream seemed to unnerve the motorman. Those on the car say it was several seconds before he got sufficient control of the situation to reverse the lever and put on the brakes. When he did the car had reached Thirty-seventh street.

Curled up in the fender, too frightened to more than breathe, with her small hands clutching the neck of the woman, she stared at the passengers who had run to the front of the car and peered over at her, while the motorman, with teeth set and a face from which all blood had fled, tightened the brake and set his eyes on his face and gazed at the woman who had escaped death.

On the corner of Thirty-seventh street was Emmett White, a guest of the Imperial Hotel who had heard the scream of Miss Height and started on a run for the car. He was the first to meet it, and scarcely had it been brought to a stop before he reached over and lifted the young woman from her position. Too frightened to speak and too weak to stand upright for a minute she could do little more than show by her looks how grateful she was for her escape.

Motorman Was Astonished.

The motorman hung over the dashboard with a look of "fish-out-of-water" on his face and gazed at the woman who had escaped death. In a few minutes when the crowd which gathering had been shoved aside sufficiently for the young woman to get air she came to herself and announced that she was not injured beyond a few bruises on the face, where the netting which had saved her life had scraped off the skin.

After arranging her clothing and obtaining a drink of water a cab was called and the young woman was sent home.

NO SUCH THING AS
A "LIQUOR STORE."

So Magistrate Pool Decides, and Discharges Prisoner Accused of Violating Excise Law.

Magistrate Pool, in the Morrisania court, today decided that there was no such thing as a "liquor store" and discharged a prisoner charged with violating the Excise law, because the policeman in the case had said in his complaint that the prisoner was the proprietor of a "liquor store."

The prisoner was Frank Wachter, twenty-six, of No. 308 East One Hundred and Thirty-fourth street.

"What business is this man in?" inquired Magistrate Pool, of policeman Pond, when the case came up in court. "He owns a liquor store," said Pond. "A liquor store?" said Magistrate Pool. "There is no such thing. There is a drug store, a dry-goods store, &c., but never a liquor store. It is either a hotel or a saloon and therefore I will discharge the prisoner."

A FULL PURSE NEVER LACKS
FRIENDS. The advertiser who recognizes the value of Sunday World

HAS A DOING- HOUSE TRUST.

Mrs. Babbitt-Dressner Owns Seventeen of Them and Every One Is on a Paying Basis, She Proudly Says.

IT'S PAY UP OR OUT YOU GO.

"Collect your money in advance. 'Keep your houses clean. 'These are my golden and silver rules and by following them I have amassed a comfortable fortune. I am running seventeen paying furnished-room houses and small hotels in New York City to-day."

Mrs. L. Babbitt-Dressner, of No. 154 West Fourteenth street, who forms a rooming-house syndicate in herself, thus talked to-day about her business.

Mrs. Dressner has been annoyed of late by an onslaught of detectives who have been hunting for a Mrs. Piper or Mrs. Ward, who temporarily took charge of Mrs. Dressner's son's house, and who mysteriously disappeared, but the six-foot athletic woman who keeps seventeen establishments running with machine-like system says all the detectives in the world can't unnerve her.

"Twenty-one years ago I came to New York and started a rooming-house at No. 57 West Twelfth street," she said to an Evening World reporter.

"I was a widow and had tried to earn a living by teaching school, but it didn't pay. I was so successful with my rooming-house that I decided to try another. One by one I acquired more establishments, until now I think I have a syndicate that is hard to beat."

Rides in an Auto Now.

Mrs. Babbitt-Dressner, whose first husband was the nephew of B. F. Babbitt, now occupies her seventeen houses as she rides around in an automobile.

"There is lots of money in it if you just know how to run the business," she went on. "I have competent housekeepers and every Wednesday they report to me. Then I have a day inspector and a night inspector, who make rounds of the houses. In this way I know just what is going on. The housekeepers report to the inspectors what they need. I know just what every house should pay, and when the money is turned in there is a corresponding report which states just what rooms are vacant and for what they rent."

"I have my special painter and paper-hanger, who are employed all of the time. As to my housekeeper, I only employ attractive and pleasant ones and women who are severe enough to be strict in collecting. My collecting policy is what has made me successful. I have a key-board, and at the end of the week my housekeeper drops him a note. If by that night he does not pay, he can't get into his room. Everything is done systematically. I am the head of the concern, and every one has to report to me. I know absolutely everything that is going on in my different houses, and I assure you my visits to them are not scheduled. I drop in at unexpected times, and can tell just how things are running."

Stands for No Nonsense.

"I never stand for any nonsense, and if there is anything objectionable I call in the police. If I don't ever come up I am my own lawyer, and I have never lost a case. I never had any trouble in managing my business, and I don't see why a woman who has enough common sense to be business like cannot run seventeen rooming houses as well as a man."

Mrs. Dressner is a tall, powerfully-built woman, who prides herself upon her strength. She is six feet in height and says that on occasions when she has telephoned a police officer to the door of her automobile, he has told her to get out and stand by the door while he went to the house to see what was going on.

Justice Blanchard so decided in the Supreme Court to-day.

When these questions were insisted upon by Col. William Jay, in behalf of Mrs. Delrich and Mrs. Vanderbilt, before Justice Keener, the commissioner for the examination of the French witnesses, M. Mas refused to answer, first, because he did not wish to expose the lady; then, because he is a married man, and, finally, for the constitutional reason that to answer would tend to disgrace, degrade or intimidate him.

Justice Blanchard was appealed to for an order compelling M. Mas to answer, but he decided that James T. Chandler's contention that the answers are not material to the question of whether Mr. Fair or Mrs. Fair did first in the accident is sound, and that the Parisian gentleman need not tell.

The hearing before Referee Keener was continued this afternoon and Mas finished his testimony very shortly, against the protest of the defendants' lawyers, who urged that the proceedings were irregular because the plaintiffs refused to set a date as to when they would be through with their testimony. Alfred Moranne, Mas's friend, who was with him when he says he saw the Pairs killed, then took the stand and told a corroborating story.

Alexander W. Lodomez, who wants \$25,000 from Max Nathan, the Maiden lane jeweler who married Mrs. Elise Lodomez in 1897, a year after she had secured a South Dakota divorce, alleging that Nathan induced her to divorce him, was recalled to the stand in rebuttal to-day before Justice Dugro.

Lodomez astonished his attorney, C. J. Earley, by admitting that the signature was his own to a release in a suit brought by him in 1897 against Fredrick Sussmann for alienating the affections of his same wife. But he declared that he did not know what he was signing when he affixed his signature and never got the \$300 consideration.

"Why did you sign the papers?" a lawyer asked.

"Because my lawyer, Mr. Walsh, told me to," said Lodomez.

"Do you always sign any paper your lawyer tells you to?"

"Yes."

Dr. Alexander von Grimm, who attended Lodomez once in a skink, said he was suffering from nervous prostration, not from delirium tremens, and several acquaintances testified to Lodomez's good character. The case will go to the jury this afternoon.

Two Drowned by Cloudburst.

HENRYVILLE, Ind., April 13.—A cloudburst at noon yesterday flooded this part of Clark County and did great damage. County Commissioners Hagerman and Wick were drowned while crossing Blue Lick Creek. The waters rose so rapidly that the bridge was

MRS. BABBITT-DRESSNER HAS A SYNDICATE IN LODGING HOUSES.



VANDERBILTS IN AUTO RACE ARE BOTH ARRESTED

(Continued from First Page.)

round, gray felt hat down over his eyes, bent over and pulled back the lever. The big Panhard shot forward with a whirl of dust, almost leaving the ground. Though not a word was spoken by a member of either party, Alfred grasped the lever of his auto and slowly, notch by notch, let it down, and before Reginald's machine had accomplished fifty yards was up the space that separated them from the corner of Ochre Point avenue.

Reginald slowed down a trifle and took the longest curve the triangle of the corner permitted. Notwithstanding, as the big machine swerved, the right wheels left the ground and did not catch the macadam of the road again until it found a straight course on Ochre Point avenue, passing the Breakers in a cloud of white dust. Alfred, who was on the inside, turned the corner even more sharply, and the ushers had to hold on with both hands as the big Panhard heeled over.

For nearly a quarter of a mile the two autos rushed along, one in the immediate wake of the other, until Ruggles avenue was accomplished. Then both slowed down and made an easy turn into that short street which brought them at another sharp turn into Bellevue avenue, a few feet from the Marie House, the sealed palace Mr. William K. Vanderbilt gave to his wife, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont and which has never since been occupied.

Both could now see a clear roadway to the long turn at Commodore Barry's house, and simultaneously both bent on their levers and let them out to almost the speed limit.

The Easter throng that crowded both sides of the broad avenue stood still and gasped as the two dust-enveloped vehicles shot forward. A solitary policeman standing before the mansion of John H. Berwind, the coal magnate, waved his hands and cried out a warning, but unheeding Reginald and Alfred raced on to the broad bend at the ocean house. The high trees and trees at the avenue side cut off the view of

the sweep in the road beyond the curve until it was almost reached.

Then both parties could see two carriages, side by side, ambulating along taking the big racers turn turtle. A sheer twist of fate, a probable fatal collision, the brothers had to reverse their levers and apply the brakes at the same time taking the shortest possible curve that would enable them to avoid the carriages.

Both vehicles, the occupants pale with fear, stopped short and watched breathlessly the turn that all but made the big machine swerve, the right wheels left the ground and did not catch the macadam of the road again until it found a straight course on Ochre Point avenue, passing the Breakers in a cloud of white dust. Alfred, who was on the inside, turned the corner even more sharply, and the ushers had to hold on with both hands as the big Panhard heeled over.

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WHIPS "MASHER" ON "L" TRAIN.

Gallant Protector of Women Sees a Man Ogling a Pretty Girl Across the Car and Badly Punishes Him.

SMASHES HIS DERBY HAT.

In Court He Learns that the "Masher" Had Been Smiling at His Own Wife, So Apologizes and Pays for the Hat.

A Third avenue "L" train was whirling uptown early to-day with a jovial crowd of men and women who had been enjoying themselves over Easter and into Monday. Two prosperous-looking men, dressed and charming women.

Between Fifty-ninth street and Sixty-seventh street one of the bold men looked devilishly across at one of the women and winked. Then he smirked. The woman chipped. The woman lifted her eyes to where the advertisements line the ventilators and looked coy.

Again the man chipped and wig-wagged with his eyes. Another man beside the two women who had been bristling with anger, jumped to his feet.

"What do you mean by insulting this lady?" he demanded, striding across to where the eye wig-wagger still sat grinning.

"Why, why," stammered the chirper, but before he could get any further the gallant protector of women grabbed him by the collar and yanked him out of his seat. Then he hauled off and hit him on the jaw with a right hand punch that sent the chirper back into his seat and smashed his derby hat.

Fight in the Car.

The friend of the flirtatious man jumped up and clinched the defender of the women. The man who had been struck struggled to his feet and also called into him. The woman who had been winked at screamed and her companion almost fainted. The whole car was turned into a howling, fighting mob.

"Kill the masher!" yelled some of the men who had seen the assault, and though they understood what it was about, Guards from both ends ran in and stopped the fighting. The engineer whistled for the police. At Sixty-seventh street two patrolmen turned up and the defender of women was taken off and locked up in the East Sixty-seventh street station.

He said he was John F. Young, a photographer, of No. 211 East Fifty-first street. He also told the Sergeant at the desk with much feeling that he was a member of the newly organized Anti-Washing Society and that he was perfectly willing to go to jail for the sake of any woman who had been insulted.

When the Yorkville Court was convened Mr. Young was arraigned before Magistrate Zeiler, charged with assault. He was still proud, although he had no hat, which had been lost in the shuffle. The man who had been assaulted was also there. He had a welt on his jaw—the mark of the anti-masher's fist.

The Story Comes Out.

The case being called the masher stood before the Magistrate. He said he was John Caddie, a builder, of No. 22 East Forty-second street. Young glowered at him as though he would like to hit him again.

Caddie glowered back.

"How about this?" inquired the Magistrate.

"How about it?" snorted Caddie. "Well, Your Honor, I was coming home early this morning with a friend and two ladies. One of them was my wife. We couldn't get seats together, and so the two ladies sat across from me."

"I noticed an advertisement that pleased me, and I winked over to